

Safety Fire Jacket.
IN SECURING MYSELF,
I THEREBY SECURE MY NEIGHBOR
 FROM
ACCIDENTAL LOSSES,
 AND RELIEVE MY MIND AT ONCE
From the Fearful Dread of Fire

Which is the certain, and positive result, sooner
 later from a defective fire. All smoke and fire
 in a measure defective, and especially so when
 piping for stoves come in close proximity to wood.
 They are dangerous and unreliable, either with
 without Crooks, as the numerous fires occur
 where they are used as a means of safety supply pro-
 These crooks necessarily contract and expand
 being the effect of the change of temperature from
 heat to cold, causing them to crack, thereby render-
 ing them insecure when you suppose you have
 the greatest safety. The great majority of the con-
 flagrations in this country originate from some de-
 fect in the fire when pipes are used as conductors
 of heat and smoke, and it will continue to be so,
 till the crooks are dispensed with and something
 more reliable and durable is substituted. This con-
 fect and uncertainty is at once removed and secu-
 rity made available when it is desired, by

J. B. HARRIS'
PATENT
FIRE PROOF JACKET

Which has been examined, tested, and found
 and is highly recommended.

GERMANTOWN, Bracken co., Ky.,
 September 18th, 1892.

We, the Committee appointed to test and re-
 port upon the great security given to property by
 the use of the Fire Proof Jacket of **J. B. HARRIS' FIRE**
PROOF JACKET, would respectfully and un-
 flinchingly recommend it to the consideration of the Dir-
 rectory of the Mason and Bracken Agricultural As-
 sociation, as eminently deserving their approval,
 an appropriate premium.

J. W. CUMMIS
T. NORRIS,
A. SOWARD.

Premium Awarded.

Having obtained of the United States letters pat-
 ent for a Safety Jacket, which is warranted to re-
 sist the most intense heat that may be applied to it,
 the position and purpose for which it is intended.
 It is a safe protection from accidents by fire ori-
 dating from defective fires, or where iron pipes
 are used as conductors for smoke or heat. It is ap-
 plicable to all piping that may become overheated,
 and is warranted to give satisfaction where wood
 or other combustible material may be placed in
 proximity thereto. I am now ready to apply my
 invention to stoves, dwellings, factories, ships, steam
 boats, railroad cars, &c., wherever pipes, or ac-
 cidental fires, are liable to become dangerous,
 and security desired. I will sell, on application,
 rights to manufacture or to the above mentioned
 also, territorial rights, by such as may wish to
 engage in selling privileges, either by State or over-
 sea. I have solicited and secured warrants, giv-
 ing the size of pipe used in the Flue, to
J. B. HARRIS,
 Germantown, Ky.

State and County Rights for Sale.
 June 2

Saw Mill.
JNO. R. PROCTOR. W. W. MATHEWS.

MAXSVILLE
SAW MILL,
PROCTOR & MATHEWS,
 DEALERS IN & MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS

Building Lumber,
LATH, PAILING, FENCING PLANK, HOGSHEAD STAVES, TOBACCO HOGSHEADS, &c., &c.

Pine, Poplar, Walnut and Oak
LUMBER
 ALWAYS AT HAND AT OUR LUMBER YARD

Steamboat landing, Fifth Ward.
MAXSVILLE, Ky.

Having just refitted our mill with the latest im-
 proved machinery, we are prepared to furnish big
 lots of lumber of any length, width or thickness
 at short notice.
PROCTOR & MATHEWS
 April 18th

Insurance
SOUTHERN MUTUAL
LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF KENTUCKY.

OFFICE—Merchants' Bank Building, Main
 between Fifth and Sixth.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Accumulated Capital - - \$407,282 84

President.....J. LAWRENCE BERKELEY
 Vice President.....J. H. LINDENBERGER
 Secretary.....J. E. THOMAS
 Treasurer.....JOHN B. SMITH

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
 J. Lawrence Smith, J. H. Lindenberg, J. E. Thomas,
 W. F. Barrett, John B. Smith, James B. Wilder,
 Geo. W. Hunter, W. C. Hite, Geo. W. Norton,
 Thos. L. Harris,
 D. W. Yantley.

MEDICAL BOARD.
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 Dr. P. Caldwell, Mr. H. C. Hewitt, Mr. D.,
 Louis E. Smith, Dr. E. D. Farn, Mr. D.,
 T. E. Crickwell, Examining Physician, Max-
 ville, Ky.
 S. T. Wilson,
 General Agent; address, Louisville, Ky.
THORCKMORTON FORMAN,
 Agent, Maxville, Ky.

april 25/94

Stationery.
1870. SPRING TRADE 1870
James Smith,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Bookseller & Stationer's
 New and full supply of WALL PAPER of all
 styles, suitable for Parlors, Dining-rooms and
 Chambers. Decorative paper for balls
WINDOW SHADES, OIL & PAPER,
YEOMAN'S PATENT PAPER
TRIMMER,
 Wall Paper Trimmed Gratis.
JAMES SMITH.

Dentistry.
D. RUTH & CASSIDY,
DENTISTS,
 Second Street, (near the Post Office.)
MAXSVILLE, KY.
 They administer Nitrous-Oxide Gas and Chloro-
 form for painless extraction of teeth, and all
 surgical operations pertaining to Dentistry.
 Nightlyly notwith

MEDICAL CARD.
A. E. WOOD,
Office at Belle Forest, Ky.
 Office his professional services to the citizens of
 the vicinity.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

The census shows the population of Augusta, Bracken county, to be 961, of whom 226 are voters.

Messrs. Hord, Winn & Co., shipped on Wednesday last, 175 bbls of sides for the eastern market.

Mr. M. R. Burgess, sold to Mrs. E. J. Wooten, on Monday, the old Wormald property, Fourth street below Limestone, for \$2,600 cash.

The City Council this morning lifted and paid off one of the old Railroad Bonds for \$1,000. They are reducing the debt as fast as possible.

Bonding Green has a population of 5,700, exclusive of a suburban population estimated at 1,200. The census takers have found five citizens over a hundred years old.

Mr. T. F. Marshall, of Bracken, sold his pair of fine trotting mares week before last for \$1,400. It is said they were the best and the fastest double team in Kentucky.

The Democrats of Trimble county have determined to make no nominations for the August election. There are a number of candidates for the various offices, and the fight will be a free one.

Lexington has 1,999 white males and 1,941 negro males over 21 years of age. The taxable property of the city is valued at \$5,639,234. The imports during the year were valued at \$3,114,150.

Henry Rudy sold the saw mill property, at the west end of Second street, to Mr. J. F. Barbour for \$900, and within a few days Mr. Barbour turned the same over to other parties for \$1,600.

The locomotive progresses towards the depot very slowly. Yesterday morning when we saw it the concern had barely passed the corner of Third street. The work of moving it has been one of great difficulty.

There was a severe storm in Cincinnati on Wednesday, the rain falling in torrents and deluging the streets and cellars with water. In half an hour two inches of water fell, the heaviest fall of rain in the same space of time since 1841.

We were treated to a most refreshing shower on last evening, cooling the atmosphere, laying the dust, and of vast service to vegetation of all descriptions. In the good time to the corn crop the rain was worth thousands of dollars to the country.

Cincinnati Markets.—We direct attention to our quotations of the Cincinnati markets. Bagging is higher; Cotton is lower, with a very dull trade; Cheese is lower; Eggs lower; Flour higher; Corn lower; Barley and Rye higher; and Oats stationary.

The gay and festive Colonel C. J. True, has been removed from the position of Consul to St. Thomas. There will be great grief thereat among the Radicals of this District, with whom he was a particular favorite. He had served them on more than one occasion, the most notable being his deposition in the case of McKee vs. Young.

The Georgetown Times confirms the statement of the Courier-Journal as to the recording of a mortgage for \$100,000 to aid in building a road from Frankfort to Paris. As the stamps on the mortgage cost \$1,000, it is presumed the Company is in earnest.

Drowned.—Fredrick Bierly, a little boy ten years old, was drowned in the river about a mile above Aberdeen, on Saturday. He was bathing at the time, and could not swim. He was on a board, from which he fell in water beyond his depth. Parents cannot be too careful of their children in this matter.

The Pic-Nic.—The Fire Companies and the society of St. Patrick paraded the streets on yesterday, and then marched to Key's woods. Charles G. Cady then read the Declaration of Independence. The day passed off pleasantly with music, dancing, and base ball. Candidates were on the ground, and a little demoralization necessarily accompanied their presence. There was one fight, but nobody hurt.

There were heavy rains in the city and county on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week. On Sunday, 20th inst., the rain fell in the neighborhood of Washington to such an extent as to render the ground unfit for plowing. The farmers have had a great deal more than is needed by the corn just at this time, and they are apprehensive that the wheat will be damaged by it. Much of the wheat is yet uncut, and much that has been cut is still exposed to the weather.

The New York Tribune arrives at this conclusion about the wheat crop of 1870: The average per acre the country over will not be much, if at all, over twelve bushels. As to figures, nothing can now be known, as the American price hangs on the English demand and that depends on the English harvest and on the crop in Hungary, in Russia, and Turkey. This much, however, can now be said, that farmers are likely to get as much for their wheat this year as they did last, and they will probably see an advance of from 25 to 50 cents a bushel during some part of the season.

Miscegenation.—A black negro and a white woman went to Aberdeen to be married on Saturday evening. The woman claimed to have some negro blood in her, and perhaps she had in a certain sense, but it wasn't "visible" and the Squire refused to perform the ceremony. The disconsolate pair returned in dejection to Maysville. The respectable negroes of the town ought to refuse to associate with that darkey. A negro low enough to marry a white woman has reached the lowest depths of debasement and should be shunned by all of his race who wish to preserve a good name. On the way back two negroes had a fistfight on the ferry-boat, the result of a dispute as to who should pay the ferriage of the miscegenationists.

Amusement, Instruction and Adornment.—Webster's New Unabridged Dictionary is certainly a proud monument to the literary and analytical ability and industry of the country, and in this respect its compilers and publishers deserve double commendation. When we speak of it as a Dictionary alone, we hardly do justice to that immense affluence of topics, and fullness of definition that makes it "the poor man's library" of amusement, instruction and adornment. Solid as philosophy, exact as mathematics, and exhaustive, in brief, as a series of abridged treatises on every subject, it is at the same time as pleasant reading as the latest work of fiction, with the advantage that it is all made up of facts. We remember nothing in the world of letters that has made such a sensation in its way as this valuable work.—New York Mercantile Journal.

Columbus and Maysville Railroad.—In answer to the inquiry of a correspondent as to the cause of the abandonment of the project to build a railway from Columbus to Maysville, the Hillsboro News gives the following statement:

"It was well understood at the time the survey for the road commenced that the main reliance of its friends for its completion was based upon the implied promise of the Pennsylvania Central to lay the iron and furnish the following stock if the people along the line would construct the road bed. Mr. Jewett, the representative of that road in Ohio, wrote letters that were published, stating that the Pennsylvania Central wanted a Railroad connection through Southern Ohio with the Kentucky system of Railroads, via Maysville and Lexington and that that Company would aid in the construction of any line which would give it the desired connection, by the best and most practicable route.

On the strength of these assurances, our citizens, and the people all along the Columbus and Maysville road, subscribed funds for the preliminary survey and pushed it to completion last winter. After the Engineer made his report, showing a cheap and favorable line, Mr. Jewett, at a meeting in Cincinnati, promised some of our citizens that the Pennsylvania Central would send an engineer over the route to examine it, and report to that Company on its merits. For some reason this promise has never been redeemed, and all efforts of the friends of the road, to obtain Mr. Jewett or the officers of the Pennsylvania Central have completely failed. It is conjectured, however, that the reason for this apparent change of policy on the part of that Company, is to be found in its lease of the L. Miami Railroad, for 99 years, which was effected soon after Mr. Jewett's promise that an Engineer should be sent over the Columbus and Maysville line to examine it. After having shortened its line through Ohio to Cincinnati, by the Wilmington and Zanesville road and the lease of the Little Miami, the Pennsylvania Central seems suddenly to have lost all its professed desire for a north and south line to Maysville, and has left our Columbus and Maysville line "out in the cold." This is the best answer we can give to our correspondent's inquiry as to what has become of that enterprise."

From Frankfort to Paris.—There has been recorded in the Clerk's office of Scott and other Kentucky counties a mortgage of \$1,000,000, which the company proposes to issue for the purpose of constructing a branch road from Frankfort, probably through Scott county, to Paris. A meeting was held in Georgetown last Saturday, and several gentlemen were commissioned to open a correspondence with the President of the company with a view to further information on the subject.

It is to be hoped that the overture of the company is made in good faith towards the route indicated. It would give the road a valuable connection with the Maysville road at Paris, and leave but a small gap in the inevitable through connection between this city and the terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, at the mouth of Big Sandy.

The C. and O. Company wants an entirely new and direct connection with Louisville, which is to be made in the L. and C. road forestall. But, waiving the possible completion of the Maysville and Big Sandy link by the assistance of the Chesapeake and Ohio, there can be no question that through trains from Louisville to Maysville, via Georgetown and Paris, would add immensely to the business and the value of the L. and C. road. It would tap the central hive of Kentucky's wealth, industry and enterprise. The mules, and whisky, and corn, and hemp and tobacco of the noble counties of Scott, Bourbon, Nicholas, Fleming and Mason would swell the freights of the company, and the old commercial intimacy between the three first-named counties and this city, long interrupted by the Kentucky Central road, would be speedily resumed.

The city of Louisville and the county of Bourbon would be interested in this project, and its success is all that Georgetown can depend on for Railroad communication with both Louisville and Cincinnati, for there is not a rational probability that the routes of the Louisville and Cincinnati, and Southern road will ever be anything but a continuation of the Kentucky Central. It is far more probable that the completion of a thirty-mile branch from Frankfort to Paris at the present time will make that the route of the great through to east and west through trains that are destined to pass daily, and within a few years at farthest, between Louisville and the Chesapeake ports.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We join in the hope of the Louisville Courier-Journal that the movement referred to is made in good faith. The Representatives of the Louisville, Lexington and Cincinnati Railroad Company in Frankfort last winter declared their purpose to build the road from Frankfort through Georgetown to Paris and obtained the necessary legislation to enable them to do so. The movement indicated would, therefore, be but the carrying out of their avowed intentions. The road if built would be of an immense advantage to Louisville as not only the trade of Scott, Bourbon, and Nicholas, but also much of that of Mason and Fleming would go to Louisville. By constructing the short line from Hobbs' Depot through Shelbyville to Frankfort and Paris, the last place would be but five miles farther from Louisville than from Cincinnati, and this would be more than counterbalanced by the expense of carriage from the depot in Covington to Cincinnati. There would be less than thirty miles of road to construct to fill the gap between Frankfort and Paris, and the \$1,000,000 for which the mortgage is reported to have been made would pay for it. With such security there is hardly a doubt but that the necessary funds can be easily raised, and with the known energy possessed by the gentlemen who control the Louisville, Lexington and Cincinnati Railroad, it could be completed in a comparatively short space of time. On the advantages that would ensue to Maysville we need not dwell further than to say that it would give a further route to the South by the admirable system of Railroads which finds its Northern terminus in Louisville, and by way of that city also a connection with the entire Northwest. We hazard nothing in saying that the stock of the Maysville and Lexington Railroad will return a handsome dividend in case our hopes in reference to the connection with Louisville shall not be disappointed. It will devolve upon those in charge of that enterprise to obtain definite information in regard to this project and to render it all the encouragement in their power.

Kosko.—This medicine is rapidly gaining the confidence of the people, and the numerous testimonials of its virtue, given by practitioners of medicine, leaves no doubt that it is a safe and reliable remedy for impurity of the blood, liver diseases, &c.

The last Medical Journal contains an article from Professor R. S. Newton, M. D., President of the E. Medical College, City of New York, that speaks in high terms of its curative properties, and gives a special recommendation of Kosko to the practitioners of medicine. This is, we believe, the first notice where such medicine has been officially endorsed by the Faculty of any of the medical colleges, and reflects great credit on the skill of Dr. Lawrence, its compounder, and also puts "Kosko" in the van of all their medicines of the present day.

Amusement, Instruction and Adornment.—Webster's New Unabridged Dictionary is certainly a proud monument to the literary and analytical ability and industry of the country, and in this respect its compilers and publishers deserve double commendation. When we speak of it as a Dictionary alone, we hardly do justice to that immense affluence of topics, and fullness of definition that makes it "the poor man's library" of amusement, instruction and adornment. Solid as philosophy, exact as mathematics, and exhaustive, in brief, as a series of abridged treatises on every subject, it is at the same time as pleasant reading as the latest work of fiction, with the advantage that it is all made up of facts. We remember nothing in the world of letters that has made such a sensation in its way as this valuable work.—New York Mercantile Journal.

[From the Louisville Commercial.]
The Death of General Zollicoffer.—Circumstances Attending It.—Statement of a Prominent Actor in the Affair.

The fanciful story about the young soldier who went crazy out of remorse for having killed Gen. Zollicoffer, when he might have captured him, has revived interest in the circumstances attending the death of that distinguished gentleman. As the name of Gen. Fry, now Internal Revenue Supervisor of Kentucky, who was at the battle of Mill Springs, or Fishing Creek, where Gen. Zollicoffer was killed, in command of the Fourth regiment Kentucky infantry, has been prominently connected with this affair we took occasion to call upon him during a visit he made to the city a few days ago, and get from him the facts in relation to it. Gen. Fry, who is one of the most modest and unassuming gentlemen in the world, has no disposition to claim any merit for the part he played in a casualty of the war in which he was merely discharging his duty. It was with some difficulty that we induced him to enter upon the subject at all, knowing as he did that we wanted to publish his statement and we finally prevailed on him to gratify us and our readers. All who know General Fry will accept his statement as conclusive of whatever he gives as within his personal knowledge. His account of the occurrence is as follows, word for word, as we are able to reproduce what he said:

"Just before this occurrence took place, I was on the extreme right of my regiment, the Fourth Kentucky infantry, on horseback, near the fence on the north side of the old Logan field, just in the edge of the woods. It will be recollected by those who were present, that once or twice during the battle the fire ceased for a short time. During one of the intervals, I turned round and rode toward the road which ran parallel with the fence, approaching it at right angles. Just before reaching the road, I saw an officer on horseback, slowly riding down toward me from the direction of the Confederate lines. His uniform being entirely concealed by a white gaiter overcoat, and there being nothing by which I could distinguish him as a Confederate, I of course came to the conclusion that he was a Federal officer.

This conviction was for awhile strengthened by his near approach to the Federal lines, and also by the manner in which he approached me. I do not see how he could have been deceived as to whether I was a Federal or Confederate officer, for I had on nothing to conceal my uniform.

He reached the spot at which I entered the road just as I did, our horses' heads coming very near together. I turned my horse a little to the right, so that we sat side by side, being so near to each other that our knees touched. I did not at that moment see any Confederate soldiers near us, which was an additional reason for believing that he was a Federal officer. It is proper here to state that there were a number of Federal officers in our army, who arrived during and after the battle, whom I had never seen, and I supposed that one of them had been sent to the front to ascertain the condition of affairs, and was returning.

As we met he said to me, "We must not shoot our own men." To which I replied, "I would not, of course, do so intentionally." He then pointed over to our left, toward some men standing in the woods, but whom I could not see from my position, and said, "Those are our men." I immediately turned my horse and rode off down the road toward the right of my regiment; and, after moving some fifteen or twenty paces, I stopped, turning about half around, with my left side toward him, to see what was going on. The first thing which attracted my attention was another officer coming out into the road from behind a large oak tree, who, riding up in close proximity to the officer with whom I had met and conversed, fired at me, missing me, however, and hitting my horse just above the left thigh bone, causing a flesh wound.

I immediately drew my pistol with a view of paying my respects to this officer, but was prevented from doing so by his making good his escape and taking refuge behind his oak tree. Then, and not till then, did the thought flash through my mind that the officer whom I had met was a confederate. I also felt assured that he attempted to deceive me in regard to his position; and finding I could not return the compliment of my friend who had taken such pains to take my life, I at once determined to try my hand on the other. He was standing precisely in the position in which I had left him, with his face toward me. He seemed not to have moved a foot. I raised my pistol and fired. His horse turned, and he fell, within five feet of where he had stood, upon the right of the road and at right angles to it.

The surgeon who examined the wound informed me that the ball which I had inflicted was a small minnie ball. It had entered and loaded my pistol (nearly revolvers) with minnie balls the previous morning. He also informed me that the wound was in the left breast, passing through the top of the heart.

It is not true that I galloped down the road toward this officer. My horse was not in a gallop that day. I had very little occasion for going out of a walk that day, except when we started from the camp to meet this officer. It is not true that I pointed out this officer to some of my skirmishers who were standing close by. On the contrary, the skirmishers afterwards told me that they were just in the act of calling upon me not to shoot, as they felt satisfied that the officer at whom my pistol was aimed was a Federal officer.

It was not discovered until after the Confederates were driven from the field who this officer was. My impression now is that Gen. Carter, of East Tennessee, was the first to inform us that it was Gen. Zollicoffer.

It has been reported, and was immediately after the battle, that Gen. Zollicoffer and myself had been old schoolmates, and that he appealed to me not to shoot an old friend. There is not one word of truth in anything of this sort.

The writer of the article copied by the Courier-Journal last Saturday from the St. Louis Democrat attempts to create the impression that my horse was killed by him. If he is really the man who shot at me, which I am rather inclined to doubt, I can say for his benefit and for that of his friends, that the wound from which my horse died was caused by a minnie ball, which penetrated his right side just behind the shoulder, passing within a few inches of my leg and through the skirt of my saddle. The wound inflicted by the pistol-shot was upon the left side, and just above the thigh bone.

formed me that he had received another wound in the side but not at all serious—made, I think, by a musket ball.

There is another matter to which I would like for you to allude. It is this: General Zollicoffer's friends have suffered the impression to go abroad without any correction from those of them that knew better, that his body was not cared for after his death—that it was treated in a brutal manner, both by Federal officers and soldiers. Now, the truth of this part of the story is just this: As soon as it could be done, his body was taken to the rear, placed in a tent, his clothing which was besmeared with blood and mud from top to toe, was taken off, his body washed and dressed in a suit of clothes, consisting of coat, pants, vest, shirt, drawers and socks, all furnished from my wardrobe. It was then placed in a wooden coffin, the best that could be had in that part of the country, sent around to Lebanon under an escort; commanded by Lieut. Sidney Jones, now residing in Louisville, and then replaced in a metallic case, and sent through the lines by way of the Louisville and Nashville road, to his friends in Nashville for interment. I am not positive that the metallic case was furnished at Lebanon, but it was obtained before sending the body through.

Pretty Women.

[From the Saturday Review.]

After all, is this world so very absurd in its love of pretty women? Is woman so very ridiculous in her chase after beauty? A pretty woman is doing woman's work in the world, not making speeches nor making puddings, but making life sunnier and more beautiful. Man has forewarned beauty altogether. It is hopeless to recall the Periclean idea of manhood, to insist on the development of personal beauty as not less manly than that of personal virtue, to demand the dignity of Robertson from our divines. The world of action is a world of ugliness, and the good looking fellow who starts for the prizes, soon discovers what Madame de Girardin calls *le malheur d'être beau*. He is guessed to be frivolous, he is assumed to be poetic, there are whispers that his morals are no better than they should be. In a society resolved to be ugly, there is no post for an Adonis but that of a model or a gardener. But women does for mankind what man has ceased to do. She clings to the Periclean idea. Her aim from very childhood is to be beautiful. Even as a school girl she notes the progress of her charms, the expanding color of her hair, the growing symmetry of her arm, the ripening contour of her cheek. We watch with a silent interest the mysterious reversion of the maiden; she is dreaming of a coming beauty, and panting for the glories of eighteen. Insensibly she becomes an artist, her room a studio, her glass an academy. The hours work with her but she works with hours. What silent musings before her mirror, what dreams, and discoveries, what disappointments, what careful gleaming of experience, what sudden flashing of invention! The joy of her toilet is the joy of Raphael over his canvases, of Michael Angelo before his marble. She is creating beauty in the silence and loneliness of her chamber; she grows like any art creation, the result of patience, of hope, of a thousand delicate touchings and retouchings. But even to the Gioconda the moment of perfectness, of completion, comes at last, the master takes his work from the easel and gives it to the ages. Woman is never perfect, never complete. A restless night undoes the beauty of the day; sunshine blurs the evanescent coloring of her cheek, frost nips the tender outlines of her face into sudden harshness. Her pencil has ever to be at work, even while the hours work for her, and the hours work against her at last. Care ploughs its lines across her brow; motherhood despoils the elastic lightness of her form; the bloom of her cheek, the quick flash of her eye, fade and vanish as the years go by. But woman is still true to her ideal. She won't know when she is beaten, and she manages to steal fresh victories even from her defeat. She invents new conceptions of womanly grace, she rallies at thirty, and fronts us with the beauty of womanhood; she makes herself stand at sixty with the beauty of age. It is the same great artist who exhibits year after year, but whose style ranges from the girlish innocence of a Fra Angelico to the severe matronage of a Zuberbar. She falls, like Caesar, wrapping her mantle round her—"buried in wood," "wound a saint propped" Death lifetime, and the wrinkled face smiles back its last cold smile with something of the prettiness of eighteen.

Perhaps we enjoy beauty less than we might from the absurd connection which men have established between the enjoyment of it and love. We fancy it impossible to care much about a pretty face when we can hang it in our own gallery. "What care I how fair she be so she is not fair to me!" It is perhaps truer to say that nine-tenths of our enjoyment of beauty disappears with possession. The lover dwells on his mistress's face till he loses all sense of the value of beauty without it. He is like the connoisseur who dotes on the little Correggio he has picked up for a song that he ceases to care for the larger range of art. The real way of enjoying pretty women would be never to fall in love with a pretty woman at all. The true joys of life are its unconscious joys, the pleasure we derive from the laughter of children, from the landscape that we drive dreamily through, from the music which we have not listened to. And so the truest enjoyment of beauty lies, not in the observation or analysis of this face or that, but in the sense of pretty forms and pretty faces but one. The joy of variety, the pleasure of the inexhaustible range of the beautiful, comes to the admirer of pretty women, never to the lover of pretty women. We are not quarrelling with the instinct which leads us through pretty faces into the paths of domestic peace. It is often necessary to resist one's sphere of enjoyment; and if one is absolutely obliged to marry, one had better marry a pretty wife than an ugly one. The refinement which the student of art gains from the constant contact with beauty of color and from every one gains in some degree from daily contact with the beautiful in flesh and blood. Woman is the art of home, the Giorgione whose brilliancy flashes through the quiet personage, the Perugino whose grace tempers the roughness of every day, the Rubens whose largeness and abundance flings a glow of comfort and ease over the most ungenial career. Life becomes more harmonious, it beats with a keener pulse of enjoyment, in the presence of pretty women. After all, a charming little figure, a piquant little face, is the best remedy for half the ills of existence, its worst, its vexations, its dullness, its disappointments. And even in the more placid types of beauty, in the beauty of Lady Darnley, if there is a tinge of stupidity, there is at any rate an atmosphere of repose, a genial influence moulding our social converse and habits into gentler shapes. It is amusing to see how the prettiness of woman talks to her

dress, how the order and propriety of her dress tell on the home. The pursuit of beauty, the habit of prettiness, gives an ideal dignity to the very arrangement of her bonnet-strings. In every movement, in the sweep of her ample folds, in the poise of her languor, in the gay start of her excitement, one feels the softening, harmonizing influence of her last look in the glass. She may be gay or sorrowful or quiet or energetic, but she must be pretty. Beauty exercises an imperceptible compulsion over her, when molds her whole life into graceful and harmonious forms. Her dress rises out of the mere collection of man into regions of science, of poetry, of art. A thousand considerations of taste, of color, of contrast, of correspondence, delicate adjustments of light and shade, dictate the choice of a shawl or the tint of a glove. And as prettiness tells on dress, it tells on the home. Flowers, pictures, and the gay notes of a sonata, the cozier of cushions, gorgeous hues of Indian tapestry, glasswork of Murano, a hundred exquisite things and nothings, are the natural settings of pretty women. The art of the boudoir tells on all but the chaos of the husband's study. Around that last refuge of barbarism floats an atmosphere of taste and refinement in which the pretty little wife lives and moves and has her being. And from this tone of the home grows the tone of society, the social laws of good humor, of propriety, of self restraint, of consideration for others, of gentleness, of vivacity. The very hush of the rough stones that have thundered over Peloponnesus as Pericles bends over Aspasia, the little turns and delicacies of phrase, the joyous sermons, and idleness of the manliest and most energetic of men, tell of the triumph of pretty women.

It is a triumph purchased like most triumphs, not without loss to the conqueror. There is a *malheur d'être belle* as well as a *bonheur*. Life, if it gains in delicacy, loses something in breadth and vigor from its very contraction. There is something terribly monotonous in the life of the pretty woman, in the daily battle with ennui and boredom. One ounce of real love would outweigh papa's pettings in child hood, mamma's fuss about her child's coming out. There are jealousies of the schoolroom and jealousies of the ballroom, little envious, little spiteful, that line with thorns a path which seems strewn with roses. Then there is the plague of fops, the eternal circle of rampant admirers, the internal drive of men about town. The prettiest lips have pointed sometimes with a longing for the ugliness which secures their sisters a chat with a man of sense. The prettiest bosom has heaved a little rebelliously at the destiny that consigns it to the stupidest of eldest sons. Perhaps it might have been better to have been a little less charming and to have married that amusing younger brother with an income of a few hundreds a year. Sometimes, too, a pretty woman will sigh a little over the little littleness of her life, will long for the wider world of politics and effort from which her very prettiness and its train of results shuts her out. Marriage is a mere catastrophe, poisoning her existence, restricting her to a single adorer in the place of a host. Then, too, the single adorer is so hard to keep, and the thousand are so easy to gain; and so begins the strife between pleasure and duty, the little warfare fought out under the watchful eyes of tattling dowagers and impertinent fribbles. And then comes the inevitable decay. It is easy to turn from the glass, but it is impossible to turn from the eyes that surround one, and every eye becomes a mirror in which the pretty woman reads the wreck of her charms. Younger rivals pass her by, the circle of admirers thins to a few bored and old beaux, men treat her to second-rate stories or talk with their eyes fixed on another corner of the room. There is a shade of impertinence in the address of the young Guardsman; wall flowers claim her for their own. She has lived for a year or so, and her whole existence is a mere looking back to that year of life. Or it may be that her prettiness simply passes on from phase to phase, but even the prettiness of thirty-five, fascinating as it often is, seldom fascinates its possessor. She conquers new realms, but she fails to reconquer the old. She brings gushing undergraduates to her feet, her desk is stuffed with the lyrics of unwilting Strephons, but there is a terrible irony about it all, and she turns with a sense of the ridiculous from their sighs and protestations. She is beaten, and she knows it. Strephon has done enough if he has served to cover her retreat. Perhaps the one later prettiness that a woman feels to have real power, more real, perhaps, than the prettiness of youth is the prettiness of old age. There is the charm of life's afterglow over the gray, quiet head, the pale, tender face, lit up with a sweetness, a pitifulness that only experience and sorrow can give. It is there, somehow, that we bring our troubles and find peace. It is there, at any rate, that we read a subtler and diviner beauty than in the rosy cheek of girlhood—a beauty spiritualized, mobile with every thought and emotion, yet restful with the rest of years. An infinite tenderness and largeness of heart, a dignity whose grace and naturalness robs it of all sense of restraint, a touch that has in it all the gentleness of earth, a smile that has something of the compassionateness of heaven, this is the apotheosis of pretty women.

The True Story of the Election of a President for the Southern Confederacy.
(To the Editor of the Courier-Journal.)
Wood Cove, Miss., June 17, 1870.
The Courier-Journal of the 15th instant contains an extract from the second volume of Mr. Stephens' History of the War, which calls for some comment. The passage alluded to is in these words: "Toombs was to have been chosen President, but failed through a singular misapprehension on the part of representatives of other States, who had understood that he had refused to have his name put forward. There was some misunderstanding likewise concerning Howell Cobb's being the choice of Georgia. By accidental complications Mississippi had the first choice, and chose, Jefferson Davis, leaving Georgia the second, which resulted in the Vice Presidency of Mr. Stephens."

There is great error in this statement, unintentional no doubt and induced to some extent by the modesty of Mr. Stephens, which makes him unwilling to give that prominence to himself which really belongs to him. I was at the time a member of the Provisional Congress from Mississippi. Believing that Mr. Davis was the choice of the South for the position of President, before replying to Montgomery, I addressed him a letter to ascertain if he would accept it. He replied that it was not the place he desired; that, if he could have his choice, he would greatly prefer to be in active service as commander-in-chief of the army, but that he would give himself to the cause in any capacity whatever. That was the only letter, of which I have any knowledge, that he wrote on the subject, and that was shown to only a very few persons, and only when I was asked if Mr. Davis would accept the Presidency.

I intend no injustice or disrespect to any of the gentlemen named, but I am sure Mr. Stephens was himself the first choice of Georgia. There was no electioneering, no management on the part of any one, each voter was left to determine for himself in whose hands the destinies of the infant Confederacy should be placed. By a law as fixed as gravitation itself, and as little disturbed by outside influences, the minds of members centered upon Mr. Davis.

After a few days of anxious and intense labor the provisional constitution was framed, and it became necessary to give it vitality by putting some one at the head of the new government. Then Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, approached me and said that it had been the wish of that State to make Mr. Stephens President, but that (Crawford) had become satisfied that it was the wish of all the other States that Mr. Davis should be assigned to that position. He then asked me if Mr. Stephens would be acceptable to the Mississippi delegation as Vice President. I replied that I believed he would be their choice. Without any effort on the part of the friends of either, the election was made without the slightest dissent. Of the accidental complications referred to, I have not the least knowledge, and always thought that the election of Mr. Davis arose from the spontaneous conviction of his peculiar fitness. I have consulted no one on the subject, and have appended my name only to avoid resting an important fact upon anonymous authority.

ALEX. M. CLATTON.
The Run of Cutch is the name of a curious region in India. It is a level plain, one hundred and fifty miles long, and saturated with salt, and so firm that the hoofs of horses and camels make scarcely an impression upon it. It is so flat that a heavy fall of rain makes a vast stop, which is blown about on the surface until it evaporates. At certain seasons the wind blows the tide from the Indian ocean upon the plain, and covers it to the depth of one or two feet. There being absolutely no land marks, caravans and travelers frequently are lost; and to guard against this peril a beacon fire is regularly lighted on the side of the hills of Cutch by a Mahomedan family who live there, and to whom has devolved the religious duty of guiding the wanderers over this remarkable desert.

CINCINNATI MARKETS.
[Corrected every other day.]
BEEF—Prime yellow per lb. 30
Choice navy 29 1/2
BUTTER—Choice 29 1/2
BAKING—Kentucky, 2 lb. 29
COTTON—Middling 29 1/2
CANDLES—Extra star ear, per lb. 29 1/2
COFFEE—Choice Rio, per lb. 29 1/2
CHEESE—Factory, per lb. 29 1/2
EGGS—Shippers count, per dozen 14 1/2
FISH—Mackerel, No. 1 per bbl. 29 1/2
FLOUR—Fancy per bbl. 29 1/2
FRUIT—Live geese, prime to choice 70 1/2
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 1 Ky. white 1 38 1/2
Corn white 2 58 1/2
Barley 1 50
Oats, white 50 1/2
HEMP—Dressed double Ky., per lb. 13 1/2
HIDES—Green, per lb. 7 1/2
HAY—Tight pressed, per ton 16 1/2
MOLASSES—New Orleans, per gallon 50 1/2
MESS PORK—Prime city, per lb. 22
HAMS—Sugar cured, canvassed, per lb. 22
LARD—Prime city per lb. 16
SEED—Clover, per lb. 16 1/2
Timothy, per bush. 87 1/2
Flax, per bush. 18 1/2
Hemp, per lb. 12
Mustard, per lb. 12
Red top, 14 lb per bush. 7 1/2
Blue Grass, per bush. 2 1/2
Orchard 14 lb per bush. 2 1/2
SALT—Kansawha, per bbl. 29 1/2
SUGARS—New Orleans per lb. 13 1/2
New Orleans clarified 10 1/2
Porto Rico 12 1/2
Cuba 12 1/2
Demarara 12 1/2
Crushed per lb. 14 1/2
Powdered, per lb. 14 1/2
Granulated, per lb. 14 1/2
A. Coffee, per lb. 12 1/2
B. Coffee, per lb. 12 1/2
Extra C, per lb. 12 1/2
Yellows, per lb. 11 1/2
TOBACCO—NEW KENTUCKY LEAF.
Fancy, per lb. 6 1/2
Medium, per lb. 5 1/2
Good leaf, per lb. 4 1/2
Fine leaf, per lb. 4 1/2
Selections, bright 5 1/2
MANUFACTURED.
10's, 5's, and 2 1/2's, choice 29 1/2
Cut and Dry Smoking 30 1/2
Fine cut, chewing 70 1/2
Bright Fourth, common 60 1/2
Pounds, medium 29 1/2
Pounds, fine 29 1/2
Kentucky 29 1/2
VIRGINIA LEAF.
Long, per pound 4 1/2
Medium leaf, per lb. 3 1/2
Fine leaf, per lb. 3 1/2

Maysville Markets.
CORRECTED EVERY OTHER DAY BY H. GRAY & CO.
Wholesale Grocers, corner Second and Station street.
COFFEE—Common to choice per lb. 22 1/2
SUGAR—New Orleans, per lb. 14 1/2
Porto Rico, per lb. 12 1/2
Demarara, per lb. 12 1/2
Soft refined, per lb. 12 1/2
Hard refined, per lb. 15 1/2
MOLASSES—New Orleans, per 1/2 bbl. 5 1/2
New Orleans, per bbl. 10 1/2
FLOUR—We quote at 64 50 1/2
WHEAT—White No. 1 16 1/2
Red No. 1 14 1/2
GRAIN—Rye 75 1/2
Oats 45 1/2
Barley 41 1/2
WHISKY—Per gallon 12 1/2
PROVISIONS—Lard, per lb. 16 1/2
Hacon, per lb. 16 1/2
MACKEREL—Per bbl. No. 1 32 1/2
do 2 1/2 No. 1 14 1/2
do No. 2 12 1/2
do 3 1/2 No. 1 9 1/2
do No. 2 5 1/2
White Fish 5 1/2
RAISINS—Per lb. 3 1/2
SEED—Clover 6 1/2
Timothy 87 1/2
TALLOW—Per lb. 8 1/2
CANDLES—Tallow 14 1/2
Star, boxes 25
WOODEN—Wagon, per set 87 1/2
Tubs, upset three 5 1/2
Washboards 75

RAILROADS.
LOUISVILLE,
MERCHANT TAILOR
GENTS FURNISHER,
No. 42, east Second street, north side,
MAYSVILLE, KY.,
respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he is in receipt of all
SEASONABLE GOODS IN HIS LINE
WHICH WILL BE MADE UP TO ORDER
ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.
Keeps a full assortment of
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS
which will be sold as cheap as can be bought in this market.

Planning Mill.
NEW FIRM.
E. DIMMITT & COMPANY,
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PLANING AND FLOORING MILL,
DOORS, SASH and BLIND
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MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS
BUILDING MATERIAL,
SHINGLES, FENCE POSTS,
PAILINGS,
LATH,
MOULDINGS,
Fine and Poplar Lumber,
PLANED AND ROUGH,
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GOOD RED, PLANED FLOORING at \$3.50 per M and
under.
THIRD STREET
LUMBER YARD

M. J. CHASE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
Building Material,

